unpainted table, they looked more like peasants than factory workers. They spoke with solemnity, probably stemming from their feeling of responsibility toward their families and all the unemployed. The petition was accepted unanimously, and it was decided to organize a Council of the Unemployed.

The following day I made a tour of the St. Petersburg newspapers, vainly trying to interest them in the campaign. I finally succeeded in persuading the manager of a small liberal newspaper that mass unemployment under unsettled political conditions was a seedbed of anarchy and that the situation in St. Petersburg might become very serious if nothing was done for the unemployed workers. We made a deal: the paper would be the organ of the Council of the Unemployed in its campaign for bread and work, and I would do the writing.

Each morning I toured the hot-meal stations and the quarters of the unemployed. Then I wrote articles and notes about their needs and the unrest among them. I discovered how to make news—hot news—out of the issue. The tide of anarchy was mounting in Russia, bombs were exploding, revolutionary holdups were widespread. Could one be sure that the tide would stop at the gates of St. Petersburg?

The Municipal Council was then discussing plans to construct new bridges and install electric tramways to replace the old-fashioned trolleys drawn by horses. Such projects would provide the right jobs for the unemployed, but there were rumors that the Council was negotiating contracts with German firms. The workers believed the Council deliberately planned to place orders abroad in order to starve them, and they held the reactionary councilmen personally responsible for their misery. I faithfully reported their feelings to the newspapers. To maintain a continuous flow of information, I also sent out brief notes about the number and composition of the unemployed in each precinct and progress in the election of the Council of the Unemployed.

The timing of the campaign proved excellent. Because of the approaching elections to the Duma, police pressure had relaxed somewhat and we could act with increasing boldness. Moderate newspapers began to pay attention to the movement. For my new friends, the unemployed, this seemed magical, and they believed my articles would bring them bread and work. I was less optimistic but thought we could get something if only we succeeded in putting enough fear of God into the City Fathers.

The newly elected Council of the Unemployed named me its president. It did not occur to me that I should have consulted the party before calling the new organization to life, and I was some-